

# "Rigoletto" at Conried's and at Hammerstein's; "Un Ballo in Maschera" at Manhattan Opera-House.

The Newer Impresario's Production of Verdi's Opera—the Better.



ALFREDO PAGGI, MELANORI DE CAVLIERO, MARIO SAMMARCO IN "THE MASKED BALL" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE.

ONE of the most pronounced successes of Mr. Hammerstein's first year as an impresario at his new Manhattan Opera-House has been his production of Verdi's "Rigoletto," which he has presented many times. When, therefore, in the fourteenth week of Mr. Conried's season at the Manhattan Opera-House, the opera was announced for a first performance last night, the Herr Direktor did not know that he was inviting his compatriots. He was putting up Semiramide and Caruso against Melba and Bonci as Gilda and the Duke, and for the sudden indisposition of the Italian baritone, it would have been Scotti against Renaud, or Sammarco, or Abbado in the title part. As it was Stradella took his place. The announcement yesterday that Bonci had been engaged for next season by Mr. Conried made the occasion more interesting.

Between the two prima donnas honoris causa fairly even, Melba has the best natural woman's voice of our generation. She pours it forth now with an aplomb new to her, and she has developed a power of dramatic expression of which hitherto she seemed incapable.

Bembibre, on the other hand, is the past mistress of the art of singing, and in her interpretation of the Jester's daughter she displayed last night her rare gifts in all their fulness. Her "Care di Nome" was delightfully sung, and in the quartet of the last act her voice rang out with power and beauty.

The Duke furnished the chance for one of the two prima donnas. His art is as remarkable as Semirico's, his delicate breathing, his airy nonchalance of vocal power, and always it is modulated to make his portrait a true miniature. Caruso is somewhat indifferent to these things. His voice is full and round and mellow. He is like a prodigal who has come home again, and is ready to sing "La donna è mobile" in a way that brings the house to its feet, as if he were thinking only of his art in his heart, and not of the music itself. Caruso is a Ristorante, fussy, shared the evening's chief honors. The former, despite slight huskiness, that soon wore off, was well sustained, with a dramatic force and fire. In his love duets with Melba, Russ (his predilect sweet heart in four operas out of five) he was

at his best. Sammarco's splendid voice has been heard to better advantage than in the "Ballo in Maschera" music, but he acquitted himself finely through the Arimandus and Mephisto scenes, and Tom, though unphysically huge as the Nilssonian giants among their rather stunted associates, and were a bit of pure art.

Mme. Russo was a tame Amelia. Mario Zecchi, the Orlini of the Met, was convincing. As the matress, Ulrica, Mme. Clampus made the most visually and musically different impression. The opera was well staged, and the chorus at its usual high standard.

But "Boston, America" has "sadly

changed since Verdi's librettist last saw it.

## MUNYON'S GOOD WORK

Thousands Secure Free Bottles of His Rheumatism Cure.

## FREE DISTRIBUTION

Will Be Continued All Day To-Day From the Offices of New York American.

Music as a meeting agency so worked upon the emotions of Alice Oldham and Clarence Neitzman, of the Butcher Hill School alumnæ, of Elizabeth, N. J., that one short week under its spell sufficed as the prelude to their elopement. They were married yesterday.

"Puccini regards Zanettello as one of the three greatest Italian tenors," said Mr. Hammerstein last night. "As for Bonci, he is under contract to sing at my opera-house for two years more, if I choose to hold him to that contract he of course, cannot sing at the Metropolitan. Whether or not I shall want him another year, I am not ready to state. I have complained to Bonci that he has too small a repertoire. Zanettello and Lucia are about the only tenor roles he knows. I've got up to date in his list of roles. But he says, 'I don't need to learn more.' Besides, when he comes to New York an auditorium as big as the Metropolitan, he may find his voice doesn't sound as in a house with the acoustics of mine. He knows it in certain, Conried can't have him without my consent. Whether I'll give that consent or not is another story."

The audience was large and generous in applause.

**SYLVESTER RAWLING.**

"*Un Ballo in Maschera*"

At the Manhattan.

ERDI'S "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Masked Ball," had its first performance of the season last night at the Manhattan. This work belongs to the period when Verdi was at his best in the matter of measuring off a national style of ultra-saccharine melody of no special variety, wrapped around a wildly romantic plot and call the whole production an opera. It is of the order of "Trovatore" and "Rigoletto," with more sustained, light tunefulness than either, and with equal claim to twentieth century consideration. Yet (parable for lack of an air as popular as the "Almire" or "La donna è mobile") it has far less fame.

And this in spite of the fact that it is almost the only grand opera whose scene is laid in this country. "Near Boston, America," runs the libretto line.

The story originally dealt with a Swedish king's murder, but the Italian Government disapproved of even musicalicide, so the action was shifted to Boston, where made an English Government, and the present-day music deal without killing and example to Italy, and the two villains were given the melodramatically romantic Amer-

ican names of "Sammer" and "Tom."

In spots the music is frankly of the sort now relegated to the better type of comic opera, in other parts it is mostly Verdi at his tragic peak. Wagner, though always it is modulated to make his portrait a true miniature.

Caruso is somewhat indifferent to these things. His voice is full and round and mellow. He is like a prodigal who has come home again, and is ready to sing "La donna è mobile" in a way that brings the house to its feet, as if he were thinking only of his art in his heart, and not of the music itself.

Caruso is a Ristorante, fussy, shared the evening's chief honors. The former, despite slight huskiness, that soon wore off, was well sustained, with a dramatic force and fire. In his love duets with Melba, Russ (his predilect sweet heart in four operas out of five) he was

at his best. Sammarco's splendid voice has been heard to better advantage than in the "Ballo in Maschera" music, but he acquitted himself finely through the Arimandus and Mephisto scenes, and Tom, though unphysically huge as the Nilssonian giants among their rather stunted associates, and were a bit of pure art.

Mme. Russo was a tame Amelia. Mario Zecchi, the Orlini of the Met, was convincing. As the matress, Ulrica, Mme. Clampus made the most visually and musically different impression. The opera was well staged, and the chorus at its usual high standard.

But "Boston, America" has "sadly

changed since Verdi's librettist last saw it.

Music as a meeting agency so worked upon the emotions of Alice Oldham and Clarence Neitzman, of the Butcher Hill School alumnæ, of Elizabeth, N. J., that one short week under its spell sufficed as the prelude to their elopement. They were married yesterday.

"Puccini regards Zanettello as one of the three greatest Italian tenors," said Mr. Hammerstein last night. "As for Bonci, he is under contract to sing at my opera-house for two years more, if I choose to hold him to that contract he of course, cannot sing at the Metropolitan. Whether or not I shall want him another year, I am not ready to state. I have complained to Bonci that he has too small a repertoire. Zanettello and Lucia are about the only tenor roles he knows. I've got up to date in his list of roles. But he says, 'I don't need to learn more.'

Besides, when he comes to New York an auditorium as big as the Metropolitan, he may find his voice doesn't sound as in a house with the acoustics of mine. He knows it in certain, Conried can't have him without my consent. Whether I'll give that consent or not is another story."

The audience was large and generous in applause.

**SYLVESTER RAWLING.**

"*Un Ballo in Maschera*"

At the Manhattan.

ERDI'S "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Masked Ball," had its first performance of the season last night at the Manhattan. This work belongs to the period when Verdi was at his best in the matter of measuring off a national style of ultra-saccharine melody of no special variety, wrapped

around a wildly romantic plot and call the whole production an opera. It is of the order of "Trovatore" and "Rigoletto," with more sustained, light tunefulness than either, and with equal

claim to twentieth century consideration. Yet (parable for lack of an air as popular as the "Almire" or "La donna è mobile") it has far less fame.

And this in spite of the fact that it is almost the only grand opera whose scene is laid in this country. "Near Boston, America," runs the libretto line.

The story originally dealt with a Swedish king's murder, but the Italian Government disapproved of even musicalicide, so the action was shifted to Boston, where made an English Government, and the present-day music deal without killing and example to Italy, and the two villains were given the melodramatically romantic Amer-

ican names of "Sammer" and "Tom."

In spots the music is frankly of the sort now relegated to the better type of comic opera, in other parts it is mostly Verdi at his tragic peak.

Wagner, though always it is modulated to make his portrait a true miniature.

Caruso is somewhat indifferent to these things. His voice is full and round and mellow. He is like a prodigal who has come home again, and is ready to sing "La donna è mobile" in a way that brings the house to its feet, as if he were thinking only of his art in his heart, and not of the music itself.

Caruso is a Ristorante, fussy, shared the evening's chief honors. The former, despite slight huskiness, that soon wore off, was well sustained, with a dramatic force and fire. In his love duets with Melba, Russ (his predilect sweet heart in four operas out of five) he was

at his best. Sammarco's splendid voice has been heard to better advantage than in the "Ballo in Maschera" music, but he acquitted himself finely through the Arimandus and Mephisto scenes, and Tom, though unphysically huge as the Nilssonian giants among their rather stunted associates, and were a bit of pure art.

Mme. Russo was a tame Amelia. Mario Zecchi, the Orlini of the Met, was convincing. As the matress, Ulrica, Mme. Clampus made the most visually and musically different impression. The opera was well staged, and the chorus at its usual high standard.

But "Boston, America" has "sadly

changed since Verdi's librettist last saw it.

Music as a meeting agency so worked upon the emotions of Alice Oldham and Clarence Neitzman, of the Butcher Hill School alumnæ, of Elizabeth, N. J., that one short week under its spell sufficed as the prelude to their elopement. They were married yesterday.

"Puccini regards Zanettello as one of the three greatest Italian tenors," said Mr. Hammerstein last night. "As for Bonci, he is under contract to sing at my opera-house for two years more, if I choose to hold him to that contract he of course, cannot sing at the Metropolitan. Whether or not I shall want him another year, I am not ready to state. I have complained to Bonci that he has too small a repertoire. Zanettello and Lucia are about the only tenor roles he knows. I've got up to date in his list of roles. But he says, 'I don't need to learn more.'

Besides, when he comes to New York an auditorium as big as the Metropolitan, he may find his voice doesn't sound as in a house with the acoustics of mine. He knows it in certain, Conried can't have him without my consent. Whether I'll give that consent or not is another story."

The audience was large and generous in applause.

**SYLVESTER RAWLING.**

"*Un Ballo in Maschera*"

At the Manhattan.

ERDI'S "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Masked Ball," had its first performance of the season last night at the Manhattan. This work belongs to the period when Verdi was at his best in the matter of measuring off a national style of ultra-saccharine melody of no special variety, wrapped

around a wildly romantic plot and call the whole production an opera. It is of the order of "Trovatore" and "Rigoletto," with more sustained, light tunefulness than either, and with equal

claim to twentieth century consideration. Yet (parable for lack of an air as popular as the "Almire" or "La donna è mobile") it has far less fame.

And this in spite of the fact that it is almost the only grand opera whose scene is laid in this country. "Near Boston, America," runs the libretto line.

The story originally dealt with a Swedish king's murder, but the Italian Government disapproved of even musicalicide, so the action was shifted to Boston, where made an English Government, and the present-day music deal without killing and example to Italy, and the two villains were given the melodramatically romantic Amer-

ican names of "Sammer" and "Tom."

In spots the music is frankly of the sort now relegated to the better type of comic opera, in other parts it is mostly Verdi at his tragic peak.

Wagner, though always it is modulated to make his portrait a true miniature.

Caruso is somewhat indifferent to these things. His voice is full and round and mellow. He is like a prodigal who has come home again, and is ready to sing "La donna è mobile" in a way that brings the house to its feet, as if he were thinking only of his art in his heart, and not of the music itself.

Caruso is a Ristorante, fussy, shared the evening's chief honors. The former, despite slight huskiness, that soon wore off, was well sustained, with a dramatic force and fire. In his love duets with Melba, Russ (his predilect sweet heart in four operas out of five) he was

at his best. Sammarco's splendid voice has been heard to better advantage than in the "Ballo in Maschera" music, but he acquitted himself finely through the Arimandus and Mephisto scenes, and Tom, though unphysically huge as the Nilssonian giants among their rather stunted associates, and were a bit of pure art.

Mme. Russo was a tame Amelia. Mario Zecchi, the Orlini of the Met, was convincing. As the matress, Ulrica, Mme. Clampus made the most visually and musically different impression. The opera was well staged, and the chorus at its usual high standard.

But "Boston, America" has "sadly

changed since Verdi's librettist last saw it.

Music as a meeting agency so worked upon the emotions of Alice Oldham and Clarence Neitzman, of the Butcher Hill School alumnæ, of Elizabeth, N. J., that one short week under its spell sufficed as the prelude to their elopement. They were married yesterday.

"Puccini regards Zanettello as one of the three greatest Italian tenors," said Mr. Hammerstein last night. "As for Bonci, he is under contract to sing at my opera-house for two years more, if I choose to hold him to that contract he of course, cannot sing at the Metropolitan. Whether or not I shall want him another year, I am not ready to state. I have complained to Bonci that he has too small a repertoire. Zanettello and Lucia are about the only tenor roles he knows. I've got up to date in his list of roles. But he says, 'I don't need to learn more.'

Besides, when he comes to New York an auditorium as big as the Metropolitan, he may find his voice doesn't sound as in a house with the acoustics of mine. He knows it in certain, Conried can't have him without my consent. Whether I'll give that consent or not is another story."

The audience was large and generous in applause.

**SYLVESTER RAWLING.**

"*Un Ballo in Maschera*"

At the Manhattan.

ERDI'S "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Masked Ball," had its first performance of the season last night at the Manhattan. This work belongs to the period when Verdi was at his best in the matter of measuring off a national style of ultra-saccharine melody of no special variety, wrapped

around a wildly romantic plot and call the whole production an opera. It is of the order of "Trovatore" and "Rigoletto," with more sustained, light tunefulness than either, and with equal

claim to twentieth century consideration. Yet (parable for lack of an air as popular as the "Almire" or "La donna è mobile") it has far less fame.

And this in spite of the fact that it is almost the only grand opera whose scene is laid in this country. "Near Boston, America," runs the libretto line.

The story originally dealt with a Swedish king's murder, but the Italian Government disapproved of even musicalicide, so the action was shifted to Boston, where made an English Government, and the present-day music deal without killing and example to Italy, and the two villains were given the melodramatically romantic Amer-

ican names of "Sammer" and "Tom."

In spots the music is frankly of the sort now relegated to the better type of comic opera, in other parts it is mostly Verdi at his tragic peak.

Wagner, though always it is modulated to make his portrait a true miniature.

Caruso is somewhat indifferent to these things. His voice is full and round and mellow. He is like a prodigal who has come home again, and is ready to sing "La donna è mobile" in a way that brings the house to its feet, as if he were thinking only of his art in his heart, and not of the music itself.

Caruso is a Ristorante, fussy, shared the evening's chief honors. The former, despite slight huskiness, that soon wore off, was well sustained, with a dramatic force and fire. In his love duets with Melba, Russ (his predilect sweet heart in four operas out of five) he was

at his best. Sammarco's splendid voice has been heard to better advantage than in the "Ballo in Maschera" music, but he acquitted himself finely through the Arimandus and Mephisto scenes, and Tom, though unphysically huge as the Nilssonian giants among their rather stunted associates, and were a bit of pure art.

Mme. Russo was a tame Amelia. Mario Zecchi, the Orlini of the Met, was convincing. As the matress, Ulrica, Mme. Clampus made the most visually and musically different impression. The opera was well staged, and the chorus at its usual high standard.

But "Boston, America" has "sadly

changed since Verdi's librettist last saw it.